



Now to Roger she made known,  
how often he did wooe her,  
When he met her all alone,  
in order to undo her;  
Cods-zooks, quoth Roger, did he so?  
and wou'd he have wrong'd my honey?  
Then by my faith, before I go,  
this Cutgel shall pay the Money.

Jockey he had by his side,  
a true and trusty Rapier.  
Therefore with his haughty Pride,  
at Roger he did vapour:  
Which did his Spirits so provoke,  
that anger and blows encrease,  
His Rapier with a bang he broke,  
that shiver'd in twenty pieces,

Pet stout Roger did not mean  
of Life once to deprive him,  
But about the Fair and Green,  
he like a Stag did dye him:  
At length he beg'd his pardon there  
of Katy the Farmers Daughter,  
It was the Sport of all the Fair,  
there never was greater laughter.

By all Men and Women too,  
stout Roger was commended,  
Further still their love to shew,  
the Quarrel being ended,  
A Rule was made through all the town  
for Roger's sake to be Merry,  
And drinke his health in Liquor brown  
nay, likewise in rich Canary.

Then next Night they home wou'ded  
and Roan was straight made ready,  
Horse and Man on e'ry side,  
as if a Lord and Lady:  
When coming to her Father dear,  
said they, he deserves to have her,  
Now ever since that time, we hear  
stout Roger is much in favour.

And belov'd at such a rate  
by Father, Friends, and Mother,  
That they wou'd he should have Kate,  
Cods-zooks, above all other;  
Because he kept her safe from harm,  
and fear'd neither wind nor weather,  
And now they keep a worthy Farm,  
where they lovingly live together.